Several years ago a book was published in England called “The English: A Portrait of a People”. It was written by the famous local TV presenter Jeremy Paxton. After reading it, I did not recognize the Englishmen I saw in that country. The portrait was heavily embellished. Every nation has a somewhat idealized view of itself. I wrote my version.

The English: A Portrait of a People

In London, I stayed at a hotel in the city district of Hampstead. A twenty-year-old Englishwoman lived above my room. Every evening her lover, a fifty-year-old man, came to see her. He, immediately upon arrival, began to beat her. The noise of this fight was heard throughout the building, on all its four floors. There, the girl's screams, the sounds of broken dishes, and overturned furniture were mixed.

This went on for several months. Until she left the hotel, neither the owner of the hotel nor the people who lived there complained to anyone. A week later, in the basement, in the kitchen, I asked a black man what was going on? Maybe we should call the police and end it all, free this unfortunate girl from the hands of her cruel lover?

The guy grinned and said, apparently you arrived here recently, and do not know the situation here. Then he explained to me, this man was beating her at her request. For the girl, this beating, this mistreatment, is a pleasure. That is, her lover beats her out of pity for her, out of compassion. At the end of the conversation, the African said, if you live in England longer, you will see a lot of this.

When I moved to a hotel on the other side of the city, I saw the same thing there. A young Negro and his partner, a young Englishwoman, stayed in the next room. This black man also beat her severely every night. They made a terrible noise. And in the morning they greeted me, smiling as if nothing special had happened last night. Throughout the day, they were very courteous to each other. It was evident that the guy was beating her at her request to please her. I realized that this is an English disease. And it is widespread among the British.

In England, as in the rest of the world, there is prostitution. Prostitutes are also imported from abroad. They say that they are bought for ten thousand pounds, and then they are forced to work off this money. But for the reason that English girls and women lead a depraved way of life, there is hardly a great need for prostitutes. It seems that they are brought there for another kind of work. Possibly that the work of these prostitutes consists mainly of spanking men, while other services of prostitutes are not needed by English men, they are not in demand there.

In the center of London, there are banks, government agencies, and offices of large companies. Bright red telephone booths, traditional for Great Britain, can be seen in this downtown area. And having entered the booths there you can always find a lot of small sheets, announcements. They are hastily glued around telephones by using chewing gum. On the sheets are pictures of prostitutes with whips in their hands and their mobile numbers. And also the inscription "spanking". That is, these are the services they provide to their clients, wealthy English men. And prostitutes providing other services are not in demand, you cannot see their such ads.

This means that responsible bank and government officials, parliamentarians, judges, lawyers, and businessmen meet these girls after work, and possibly even during office hours, pay them a hundred pounds at a time, and subject themselves to spanking. And this spanking gives these rich Englishmen pleasure, they get extreme physical and mental satisfaction from it. And after the working day ends, they, in a peaceful state of mind, go home, to their wives and children. It is interesting to know what their wives think when they see wounds and marks of whippings on the backs and buttocks of their husbands?

Specialty shops in London sell a variety of tools, instruments of torture. Prostitutes who specialize in spanking clients can go there and purchase them. Lovers of spanking can also buy these torture instruments and take them home. Where now mistresses or wives will subject them to pain, torture them with these tools, and perhaps give pleasure.

According to an article in a London newspaper, each of the city's eight men is a pervert, homosexual. And in another newspaper article, it was written about Blackpool, the seaside resort town. The journalist wrote that half of the population of this four hundred thousand city are lovers of unnatural sexual practices. That is two hundred thousand people. This popular English resort is also known for this kind of activity. Homosexuals, both men, and women from all over England moved there to feel at ease, to get acquainted, to mix, and indulge in this vice.

A London correspondent for a Soviet newspaper wrote that the British are particularly interested in everything related to corpses and morgues. They get special pleasure from reading literature about maniacs, serial killers, they like to watch feature films and documentaries where they show the dismemberment of human bodies. This took the form of a mass illness for them. This is the absolute truth.

For example, when I lived in England on a nationwide TV channel they showed a TV serial made up of 150 episodes about the events taking place in the morgue. In each episode, the viewers were shown, in every detail, different autopsies. That is, they demonstrated how morticians cut open the stomachs, opened the chests, how they took out the internal organs of dead people, showed this kind of thing. And the English viewers, sitting in front of the TVs, watched this endless series with great interest and enthusiasm.

They also have a particular interest in surgical procedures, which can be seen regularly on English television. It means that the British are a bloodthirsty race, these people love to watch scenes of blood-shedding, scenes of cutting organs and body parts.

I understand it this way, this disease is characteristic of the people living in the north of the European continent. And the reason for this is the harsh, unfavorable climate of the countries of the north. The sky is constantly covered with clouds, the lack of sunny days, and the cold causes people living in these territories, gloomy thoughts and moods, a dejected state of mind. This leads to the manifestation of mental states characteristic of depression and melancholy. Apparently, for this very reason, they get excited and stimulated by the sight of blood. Watching different scenes of bloodshed, their spirits soar, the sadness disappears, they begin to feel refreshed and get more cheerful.

The management of British channels is well aware of this state of affairs, of the nature of its population. Therefore, to appease him, television men produce in huge quantities films packed to capacity with various bloody scenes of violence, showing the dismemberment and cutting of bodies, and demonstrate them to their viewers. They want the Englishman's heart to rejoice, the mood to become elevated so that his state of health will return to normal. The executives of these channels know that the nation loves to watch all that stuff.

For example, for all my residence in England, on all four national TV channels of this country, one could see documentaries with the filming of

various surgical operations performed on people, in all its details. These tapes lasted from one to two hours. That is, during the six years of my residence in London, every day on at least one channel one could see how surgeons performed operations on the heart, on the brain, and so on.

These programs were not intended for professionals, not for doctors, but a wide audience. I cannot look at such things. For this reason, when switching channels, I was in readiness, holding a remote control in my hands so that, by seeing such bad things on the TV screen, I could immediately press another button and change the channel.

Once it was announced that now they will demonstrate a complete surgery operation of the female breast enlargement. I thought, looking at a woman's breasts even if they were cut open would not be such an unpleasant, disgusting sight. I wanted to test my nerves. But that was too much for me. After a few minutes of watching, I changed the channel.

The British love everything connected with maniacs, serial killers, with those who like to cut and dismember human bodies, they show an excessive interest in literary works, fiction, and documentary films dedicated to such manic, sick people. Moreover, representatives of this nation worship individuals with such manic inclinations, they idolize them. In my opinion, the British see them as very strong, heroic people. After all, these manic personalities were able to accomplish what every Englishman secretly keeps in his heart. A maniac, a serial killer is capable of doing things that ordinary Englishmen can do only in their dreams, in their imaginations. From this, it can be seen that in the blood of an Englishman there is a certain substance of a predator.

In those days, on one English channel, there was a homemade serial of two hundred episodes. The story was about a maniac who killed people, chopped and cut their bodies, their organs, and gutted their insides. He did this for no reason, but only because he derived special pleasure from it. The series did not possess any virtues, it was a weak film from an artistic point of view. Only an English audience could like it, and in other countries, no one would watch it.

From this, we can conclude that the Englishman every day wants to see characters on the television screen who, having fallen into madness, committing senseless murders of innocent people, wants to see maniacs cutting the organs of their victims. And he will be unhappy, will fall into depression without seeing all this. On the contrary, after watching such

films every evening he will get satisfied, in a peaceful state of mind will go to bed, and plunge into a sweet dream.

One distraught married couple for no reason, just because it gives them pleasure, hacked to death at least twelve people. And then they buried their bodies in the courtyard of their private house. Among their hacked victims was their daughter, a teenager.

Time passed and these crimes were solved. This crazy couple, husband and wife, were convicted and imprisoned. As a result, they became the idols of the British. The whole nation, everyone from small to great, began to idolize them. And even today the English people love them more than the Virgin Mary, Jesus Christ, and other holy people. They almost worship this married couple.

As it was reported in the press, over the years from all over England, about 20 million citizens made a pilgrimage to this house. These people, parents and their children, grandfathers, and grandmothers came there, as if hypnotized for a long time stood there and looked at this house without taking their eyes off.

After some time, the British government began to worry, to think if this all will continue like this, the British would turn into a laughing stock in the eyes of foreigners, in the eyes of the rest of the world.

Therefore, in 1996, the authorities decided to put an end to this disgrace, once and for all, they decided to demolish this "House of Horrors". It was demolished without leaving a stone unturned, so as not to allow people to take these stones away for souvenirs.

Years later, one commercial was very often shown on English TV channels. In it, a man who looks like the same serial killer, with an ax in his hands, approaches someone from behind and swings, trying to hit him. Seeing this ad, every Englishman could immediately guess that this actor in the video was portraying the same maniac. Judging by the opinion of the creator of this commercial, it turned out to be funny. And in my opinion, it was great rudeness on their part. They used in this ad the theme of that tragic, bloody incident, passing off this crime as something funny. But in England no one protested, no one expressed their protest, their rejection of this advertisement.

From the first days of my arrival in London, I saw on the streets of the city many white girls walking with black children in their arms. At first, I took them for nannies, and Negroes for the children of some important blacks,

or foreign diplomats. But later I realized that these girls were their mothers, that they gave birth to them after being pregnant by black males. Indeed, there in England hundreds of thousands, even millions of white girls and women, either commit adultery with blacks or are legally married to them.

Once I put a question to a Negro living in my hotel, why do British girls prefer you blacks over English males? He replied that, unlike us, English guys do not interested to have a lasting relationship with girls. For this reason.

A black woman, a cleaning lady who worked in the hotel, once told me with pride that if this continues like this, then in 20 years the entire multi-million population of England will consist of black people. She hinted at exactly this, wanted to say that English men are indifferent to women, while our Negro men are passionate, hot by nature. In addition, they are not opposed to getting married or having a permanent relationship. So, in her opinion, population growth in this country will be owing to black children.

Many times I have heard English girls say that for us, Negroes are the gods of love, they are masters of the art of love. And black Africans have often proudly declared that our skin color is not black, but chocolate color.

In London's Notting Hill neighborhood, the last three days of August are celebrated as African Music Days, as the Notting Hill Carnival. Once I went there and did not saw a single white man there. All this huge gathering of people there consisted of blacks and their mistresses, or of their wives, exclusively white females. Many young blacks came there with not one, but two, three white girls. So these blacks competed with each other. Each came there with some of his finest women, white English women. And all these girls were very beautiful and attractive.

English girls are very proud of their Negro husbands and lovers. They boast of them and try to shame those girls who do not have black partners, and those girls look with envy at their more successful girlfriends. This is the state of affairs there today.

The next day I read in the newspaper that this festival of music was attended by three million people. So, by eye, I determined that at least two million English girls have black guys either as their lovers or as husbands. But that was not all, because not all the girls wanted to be seen there.

The authors of an English television film hinted at precisely this situation in the country. This short comedy film consisted of just one scene, where a couple in love, a black man and a white girl are sitting on the bed under a blanket. The girl says that it is supposed that the genital organ of a Negro should be huge, but yours is not like that. And the Negro, leaving this question unanswered, moves on to another topic. When he stopped talking, she again asks him why he is not as he should be. This continued until the end of the film, she asks, and he tries to change the subject. This means that the British are well aware of this state of affairs in their society, and therefore they are trying to joke, trying to get away with a joke.

An Englishwoman told me that we Englishwomen are of the very passionate kind.

English newspapers wrote a lot about a funny story. A forty-year-old married Englishwoman went as a tourist to Africa. And she returned to England with one young black man. He belonged to the Masai tribe. His clothing consisted of a single white cloth covering the lower half of his body. And his chest was naked. In his hands, he constantly held one long spear. At the airport, a customs officer told him that the import of weapons into the country was prohibited. And the negro said that this is the tradition of our tribe. Every man leaving the house should carry such a spear with him. In the end, the customs officer had to make a concession and allow him to enter the country. After that, everywhere, both on the bus and the street, he carried this spear with him. And this woman, a mother of three children, made a public statement that she was going to divorce her white husband and marry this negro, a young man of the Masai tribe.

While her husband and children in the response made another public statement that the woman is in confusion, but sooner or later she will come to her senses and return to the family. The journalists asked the guy if he liked England. To which he replied, no, I do not like England. It's very cold here, and I'm freezing in these traditional clothes of ours. Later he left this woman and returned to Africa.

One Englishman, hinting at such things, said that English girls like everything that moves.

Unlike the French and Italians, English men do not like to wear expensive smart clothes. They dress sloppily, untidy. But this appearance does not bother them. Upon arrival in London, at first, I could not distinguish the

rich people of the city from the poor. When I saw people in fashionable clothes, I took them for the rich. And on the other hand, when I saw people who looked like ragamuffins, I took them for the urban poor. Whereas in reality, everything was the other way around. All those who were smartly dressed were the migrants from Eastern Europe or refugees from Asia and Africa. While all those who looked like ragamuffins were wealthy Englishmen. The British do not boast of expensive fashionable clothes, but completely different things, such things as houses and cars.

They reproach the dressed-up Frenchmen, laugh at them, saying that the Frenchman wears all his property on himself. That is, unlike an Englishman, a Frenchman spends a lot on his clothes.

At one time, cattle in England were infected with "mad cow disease". The cows began to die. And a person who ate the meat of such a sick cow died after a while. Like everyone else, I also began to worry, for the reason that I had been eating for some time cheap beef sausages. It was believed that sausages made from low-value cow parts were especially dangerous. The risk of infection from them was especially high. So for five years, I was somewhat worried, because the doctors claimed that this disease, being in the human body, manifests itself only after five years.

The government of England, finding itself in a hopeless situation, decided to destroy all the livestock of cows in the country, and burn their corpses. People employed in agriculture protested, but the government was decisive and did not back down from its plan. Then they explained the reason for the appearance of this disease. And the reason for this was the Englishman's bent of mind, his extreme avarice, and greed. It became known that the owners of livestock farms, out of thrift, of unwillingness to spend money, mixed crushed animal bones into the feed of grass-eating cows. Moreover, sometimes even human flesh was mixed into the straw. The owners of farms from the garbage cans of maternity homes collected the afterbirths of newborns, and deciding that they would be useful for the body of the cows, they mixed them into the feed. Consequently, the cows that ate such food that was so alien to their nature began to go crazy and fell ill with what was called the "mad cow disease."

In those days, the entire population of the country fell ill with the game of the lottery. The government decided to start releasing a big win lottery, the National Lottery. Britain's first big lottery winners were a Pakistani couple, husband and wife, by scooping the jackpot. They won the

sum of £18 million. The neighbors said that this married couple lived very amicably. Husband and wife loved each other and worked together in the factory. All England envied them, this unexpectedly rich couple. But this lottery win, this lottery game, which is considered taboo in Islam, brought them nothing but misfortune. When the wife told her Pakistani relatives about the win, they all came to their house and demanded to share with them, to give them several million pounds. It is believed that it is so customary among the Asian peoples to provide each other with mutual assistance. But her husband was against it, would not agree. Again and again, the wife's relatives began to put pressure on her. Despite all the persuasions of his wife, her husband did not want to accept the demands of her relatives.

Some time passed, and the wife secretly from her husband went to the bank. She said I am the wife of that man, the lottery winner, he needs to withdraw two million pounds from the account. The bank clerk obeyed her and gave her the money. She took the money to her relatives and divided them between them. And her husband, having learned what his wife had done, became very angry. The next day, he went to the bank and withdrew the remaining amount of money from his account. He abandoned his wife and children and left for some African country. So that their family fell apart.

In those days, the state of mind of my environment affected me as well. I also fell ill with a lottery disease. The news reported that this Pakistani man decided to donate money to a Muslim charity to build a mosque. But he was refused because in the Sharia Islamic Law lottery is something sinful, is gambling. A photo of the Pakistani couples' house appeared in the newspapers. But their exact address was not given there. To find out it, I called the editorial office of the newspaper, the journalist who wrote this article. But he said, I can't give you the address of this "guy", it's illegal.

In London, I set up a charity organization called the True Esoteric Society and was looking for funds for her material needs. I decided to take advantage of this lucky coincidence and turn to this Pakistani. I was going to tell him, according to Muslim theologians, the lottery game is forbidden in Islam, this money was earned, acquired in the wrong way. But I, unlike them, can accept the material assistance from you. Transfer this money to the account of my religious charity. I decided that having received this money, I can spend it on a godly cause. So, the benefit of a good deed will prevail over an evil one.

In connection with this lottery, I have read and heard many other stories. For example, in connection with winning the lottery, one young man

sued his grandmother. And in another story, an auto mechanic, having won more than ten million pounds in the lottery, quit his job the next day and began to spend it recklessly. Soon there was nothing left of this money. And left with nothing, he was forced to return to his former place of work.

One black man won 12 million and immediately began to spend money left and right. He bought several expensive houses, 15 sports cars. Two years later, all the money left him. He even went into debt. To pay off his debts, he had to deal with the sale of drugs. And in the end, he got a prison term for it.

Three comrades worked at the bank. When one of them won several million, the other two sued him. They accused him of giving them a promise to share with them if he won. And the person who won the lottery accused them of lying. The judge ruled these two were right. He decided that the entire amount of money should be divided among the three. There were two of them, so the court accepted their testimonies.

One day I went to London's central mosque and talked to its director. When he learned that I had come from Baku, he started talking about Elchibey, the first president of independent Azerbaijan. He said your head of state was supposed to come to London. His people contacted us and said that he was also going to visit our mosque in the city. We made preparations for a meeting with him. But because of the coup d'état in your country, this trip did not take place.

The British were also obsessed with "Diana's disease", which became their nationwide epidemic. As it is known, Diana was the wife of Prince Charles, the heir to the throne. Because Charles was by nature a serious, prudent, responsible person, the people of Britain did not accept him well, on the contrary, loved and adored Diana. And she, with her behavior and antics, behaved as if she was trying to destroy the British monarchical system, tried her best to achieve this. My sympathies were with Charles because he was a simple and modest man. And Diana, on the contrary, for all the years of her marriage and after the divorce, behaved like a dramatic actress on the stage. She acted as if she wanted to notify the world about all the troubles and disagreements that occurred between her and her husband.

She longed for attention, wanted all eyes to be constantly turned to her so that everyone could guess about her inner state of mind by her facial expressions. She wanted everyone to sympathize with her. Her main occupation was to show off in front of photo and film cameras. So

everything that happened in the palace, all the palace's secrets immediately became the property of the entire population of the country. The subjects of the kingdom constantly discussed the family affairs of Charles and Diana, which did not leave their tongues. The entire population of the country watched these events in the palace as spectators watching an exciting TV serial.

During all six years of my stay in England, I saw photos of this woman on the covers of every issue of British magazines and weeklies, at least in the upper corners of these publications. And the editors of the magazines explained it like this, we sell these publications, solely thanks to these photographs of Diana. Once I bought one of them. As flipped through it I was indignant since more than half of the magazine's contents, as much as 60 pages, were devoted to Diana, or rather, her outfit. It contained color photographs of two hundred different dresses from Diana's wardrobe. For this very reason, I wanted to see her dead. I thought if she dies then maybe articles on more serious topics will start appearing in English magazines.

One newspaper featured a photograph of Diana walking down the street with a plump, slovenly dressed man. Then she was already divorced from her husband. And this man was a local of Pakistani origin. They say that Diana was in love with this man and wanted to marry him. But one of her friends advised her against this act, said if you marry this Pakistani you will fall in the eyes of the English people. Do not do this. Indeed, before the eyes of the British, Pakistanis were even on a lower social level than the Negroes (by the way, like the Turks).

One day I heard it announced on the radio that Diana had been in a car accident in Paris and died. I confess, upon hearing this news, I was delighted, for the same reason about which I wrote above. That day, out of curiosity, I went to the place where Diana lived, to the Kensington Palace. Its bronze fence was littered with mountains of flowers from admirers, admirers of Diana. With these flowers, the British people tried to express their boundless love for this woman. Perhaps, that day, almost half of the city of London came there.

There I saw an old woman. She was somewhere over 80. She could barely walk, and her granddaughter supported her by the hand. She also brought flowers to Diana.

And on the third day, they announced that her coffin would be taken to another town, her hometown. The hearse with the coffin had to pass not far from my hotel. I had nothing to do. I decided to go and have a look

at this car. But when I went out into the street, I was stunned to see thousands of people who, like me, rushed there. But we didn't see much, because this glazed car, this hearse with a coffin of a deceased rushed in front of us like a bullet.

Once, Diana was expected to marry the son of an Egyptian, Mohamed al-Fayed, a resident of England. To cohabit his son with Diana, al-Fayed bought a mansion in Paris, a house worth $20 million. But due to their tragic death, the wedding did not take place, and they were not able to live in that house.

An article in one newspaper reported that al-Fayed's cherished dream was to publish his magazine. An idea came to my mind. And I wrote a letter to this person, offered him to publish a magazine called "Mulla Nasreddin", wrote that I could take on the work of the editor of the publication. I thought that publishing a satirical magazine with cartoons presented from a Muslim point of view would be a good idea, a good initiative. In the envelope, I also enclosed two cartoons, drawn by me. At that time, I still did not know that this Muslim satirical magazine, published in Tzarist times in the city of Tiflis, was something vile, and all of its cartoons were extremely offensive for the Muslims of Russia.

A week later, I received a reply to my letter. His secretary wrote that Mr. al-Fayed read your letter, but your business proposal was refused. Then I realized that this was not a well-considered business proposal on my part because I had no experience in publishing, I would not have coped with this editorial work. Moreover, this man would not have dared to publish a magazine in London that has something to do with Muslims. After all, Britain is a state with an aggressive, hostile policy towards the Muslim world. The Queen's Muslim subjects are well aware of this. But they are afraid to oppose this British policy, and on the contrary, are trying to demonstrate their loyalty to the authorities.

Al-Fayed also wanted to show himself as a loyal servant of the British queen, as a person serving the national interests of England. Therefore, after spending 10 million pounds, he acquired one of the oldest English publications, the humorous magazine "Punch". But since the magazine was mired in debt and did not generate income, its publication was suspended two years later. The Arab bought this magazine, not for the sake of any profit, but to please the English people, to win their favor.

And his other cherished dream was to obtain British citizenship. But he never managed to get a British passport. Even though he lived in England

for 20 years, and his wife was an Englishwoman, and he had children with her, the government refused to grant him citizenship. He said the reason for this refusal is that I am a Muslim. He also blamed the state's interior and foreign ministers, who were ethnic Jews.

He often made such statements, told newspapermen that I helped the British state earn more than a billion dollars in proceeds from orders for British weapons, orders coming from Arab countries. I also bought a local soccer team. But despite all this, they do not want to give me this passport.

Later, Mohamed al-Fayed leaked information to the press that he had given bribes to two persons of the ruling conservative party. And as a result of this scandal, the Conservative Party, which had been in power for 20 years, suffered a crushing defeat in the elections. With this, he took revenge on those two ministers.

After the car accident, he also accused the British Secret Services of being involved in it. He said it was not an accident, but a murder. Blamed the ruling circles of England for this. But he lost in court, he could not give any compelling evidence there. He wanted to convince everyone that the British special services organized this car accident following an order coming from the palace. Since they did not want to see Diana, this favorite of the English people, marrying a Muslim. This was not desirable for the palace.

Dodi was his favorite son, who was trained as the head of all his father's commercial companies. He was born to his first, Arab wife, while his other children were born to his second wife, an Englishwoman.

Having seen Queen Elizabeth in her youth in documentaries and photographs, I noted to myself that her facial features are very typical of a Jewess. In a conversation with a young Englishman, I asked him if your queen is Jewish? He replied that, no, she is a real Englishwoman. And I stood my ground, said, in the photographs taken in her youth, her facial features are very typical for a Jewish woman. But he continued to stand his ground. In the end, he said with irritation in his voice, Elizabeth is a woman of German descent. But years later, in a book by an Arab author, I read that she is of Jewish origin, she is a German Jew.

But one English author in his article wrote that this is slander, that even if she has a little Jewish blood, but not more than a micron. The British love their queen very much for her intelligence, and they treat her with great respect.

The American magazine Forbes publishes lists of the richest people in the world. I got convinced that one cannot trust such publications. In my opinion, people who publish such magazines extort money from the people of big business. Then their names are entered or deleted from these lists. Some rich people want their private means to be shown overstated, while others, on the contrary, want to be understated. This is how the publishers of such magazines engage in blackmail. For example, the names of members of the Rothschild family never appear on such lists. The names of our local oligarchs and billionaires also do not appear on these lists.

One English magazine once a year publishes the list of the 500 richest people in the country, that is, ranging from those with ten million pounds and above, up to billionaires. I have been buying them for several years. In the first magazine I bought, at the top of the list was the name of the country's main pornographer, publisher of shameful magazines and videos. Before that, the name of this person was not known to me. It was written that he earned his entire fortune of four billion pounds from such dissolute products. I was dubious about this information. Next year his name was not on the list. This was also very suspicious. It turns out that this person completely went bankrupt in a year and lost all his billions. It is possible that the government of England, fearing shame and scandal, turned to the publisher of the magazine and advised him to remove the name of this person from the list, whose occupation was a corruption of people and society.

And that year, instead of him, the name of Queen Elizabeth was at the head of the list. Her fortune was estimated at three billion. A year later, the queen in the list dropped to thirtieth place. And her fortune has now been estimated at three hundred million. It is clear that in this case the courtiers reprimanded the publisher and demanded that they show the queen as not such a rich woman.

In a reference book called "London" were listed all the houses and buildings of the city, that were considered as significant from the historical and architectural point of view. In the Hampstead area, not far from my hotel, there was a magnificent palace-like building. In my opinion, this was the most beautiful historic house in London. But for some reason, he was not mentioned in this book. There was some kind of mystery in this. It is possible that the owner of the house is some kind of omnipotent person and he was able to convince the publisher of that directory not to mention his house in it, not to mark it on the map. Who knows, maybe this house belongs to one of the members of the

Rothschild family, who controls the entire economy of the world, manages all his affairs.

Passing by, several times I met there a girl leaving the house, and then walking to the tube station. I also saw her returning on foot from the tube to the house. She dressed very modestly, was an unremarkable girl. At first, I took her for a domestic servant who worked in the house. But once I saw her with one guy, either her brother or her fiancé leaving this house, I realized that I was mistaken. She was not a servant but rather was either the daughter or granddaughter of the owner of the house.

By the way, I recently found this house on the Internet, on the Google Earth site. But now they planted trees in a dense row in front of the house. So that now passers-by from the street can no longer see it.

My hotel was located in an area where wealthy people lived. I often saw daughters of over-rich people there. They, unlike our nouveau riche, dressed modestly, not flashy, and used public transport.

A young English woman once told me that girls are the main interest of English guys. I said I have been living here for several years now, and I cannot be deceived. As I understand it, two things are the main interest of the English guys. The first is money, and the second is booze. And girls are the very last thing on their minds. For this reason, English girls are looking for partners among non-English people.

In England, the beauty of a girl has no special value. There, female beauty is not an object of great interest.

Pedestrian walkways in London are usually very narrow, designed for only one person to pass. Baku men, following some alien, non-Muslim custom, always give way to women. In England, I saw the opposite of this. There, as a rule, women and girls give way to men. Not a single Englishman, under any circumstances, will give way to women but will bulldoze his way through them. There I, according to the Baku habit, made way for women on the sidewalks. This made them confused, embarrassed, not understanding why, being a man, I make way for them.

English girls behave like men, their gait, laughter, everything like men. They prefer to be like their brothers and fathers in everything, rather than like mothers and sisters.

In England, it's not boys who chase girls, it's girls boys. The indifferent attitude of English men to women forces women to take the initiative in meeting men. An American commented that, unlike American girls, English women behave in relationships with men, as he put it "aggressively." It is true if they like a man, they can block his path, and behave unabashedly, shamelessly. In crowded places, on the street, in shops and offices, trying to interest and seduce a man, an English girl can impudently open both sides of her cloak or jacket in front of him, showing him her bust. She is not at all embarrassed that people are around and see all this. Englishwomen can commit other, even more bold, more shameless actions.

There were cases when on London streets young Englishwomen sitting in open-top cars slowed them down, and then shouted all over the street addressing me, hey Italian, get into our car, we invite you to a restaurant. And then, laughing, they drove away. All this in the daytime, on the streets filled with people. In other countries, guys may behave this way, but not girls.

For the English of our time, "morality" is an empty word. It means nothing to them, as something completely useless. Once a student was invited to television and asked what was the happiest day of your life. She, on the street, I somehow met a guy. We immediately ran to the nearest public toilet. We had great sex there. This was the happiest day of my life. After she waved her hand at the camera, she said, this is how I greet my father. He is now sitting in a pub with friends and watching this program. Here you can imagine her father in a pub, how he addresses the people around him, saying, this is my daughter, she is a very clever girl!

Once on a TV channel, a thin, fragile 14-year-old girl was talking about her summer holidays. She, this summer I went on a vacation in Africa. My father gave me 4000 pounds of money, and said, daughter, take this money and go wherever you want, relax and have fun. And I obeyed my father and had fun to the fullest. In Africa, for two whole months I lived in a hut of one tall, stately negro, was his wife. Now all the girls in our school, having learned about this, are jealous of me.

The behavior of the British is opposite to that of our people. For example, our people, having lost someone close to them, moan and cry loudly. Whereas the English do the opposite, laugh. So, if some Englishman who lost his daughter in some tragic incident is asked to tell about it, he can say, she was an amazing girl. And after that to laugh out loud. This is considered exemplary behavior there. Since it is your grief, and others do not care about it. In England, moaning, crying loudly, and ruining

the mood of people around them is considered wrong behavior, a bad thing. There, people keep all their mental anxieties, troubles within themselves, do not show them to the people around them.

The head of the Singapore branch of one of the oldest British banks was invited to a dinner party. This young Englishman took off his pants and underpants, and bending down showed all the guests gathered there his bare arse. Most of the local guests expressed their disapproval of this, which greatly surprised the Englishman. He said I didn't understand why these people were angry about this. After all, this is just an English joke. On another occasion, he did the same in a restaurant. Women called the police and complained about him. And this time the Englishman was surprised, he said, these foreigners are very strange people. They don't understand this funny English joke.

And in truth, the British consider such an action as something funny. They do similar things everywhere and in other countries. For example, once in Italy, 30 English guys, having entered the sea knee-deep, turn their backs on the Italians on the shore. Then, together on command, they bend down and take off their swimming trunks, showing their butts to people. And the families of the Italians called the police. At the police station, the guys expressed their surprise, saying that this was just a harmless English joke.

Tackling one thing, the British show great resilience and always bring it to the end. In Africa, a girl walking in the forest was raped and killed by local people. Her father, an Englishman, vowed that he would find the perpetrators of the crime and punish them. He said I will see it through to the end. And the people who committed this crime were officials of that country, ministers. It became known that they met her in the forest while hunting. The Englishman pursued them for 20 years and after great torment and hardship finally got them arrested and convicted. This was already when they lost their ministerial posts.

A documentary was shown on British television. About how an Arab father took his children to his home country, Morocco. He had done this without the permission of their mother, his English wife, and he had not brought them back. His seven-year-old son and twelve-year-old daughter. He said I want my children to live in our Muslim country. Because if they stay in England, then, having matured, they will be like the rest of the young Englishmen. That is, the daughter will become a slut, and the son will become a drug addict.

And the woman hired herself a paid assistant in this matter, "a former employee of the British secret services." In addition, to shoot this film, she also took a film crew to Morocco. It is clear that there are no "former agents". In my opinion, the state itself assigned him to it. After all, it was an ideological matter. It was the confrontation between Christianity and Islam, the clash of the Western and Eastern worlds.

In the end, having violated a lot of Moroccan laws, they managed to take the children to England. Later, when the children were asked where it is better to live in Morocco or England, the children answered, we always wanted to live in England. In this Arab country, everything was alien to us, the Arabic language, Arab children, Arab cuisine and customs, in a word, everything.

In my opinion, their father's mistake was that he took these children to Arabia, not in infancy, but already grown up. As they reached their early teens, they adopted English customs and the English way of life and became British. After English morals and concepts entered the flesh and blood of these children, then it was too late. The Muslim father lost them irretrievably.

One English TV channel aired one unusual multi-part documentary for two to three months. In it, a mass of 80-year-old women and men made shameful, scandalous confessions. They talked about various abominations perpetrated on them in childhood. The creators of the film for a long time, after conducting serious investigations, concluded that in the old days, most British children were sexually abused. In the film, a grandmother told that my father raped me many times, from the age of seven until I was fourteen. Fearing my father, I was silent, hiding it all from my mother.

In another episode, an old man said that my mother forced me to have an intimate relationship with her. Another grandmother, as a child I was raped by my older brother. This 30-episode documentary consisted of such shameful, obscene confessions. The filmmakers explained all this by the fact that before the houses and apartments of the British were tiny. Three to four family members could sleep in one room, even in one bed. It may be for this reason that a law was passed according to which in apartments each child is supposed to have his separate bedroom, which is prescribed by English law.

But I have a suspicion that the management of the TV channel by filming this scandalous film intended to humiliate, offend and dishonor the English nation. Perhaps because then the leadership of all four national

channels, including this one consisted of Zionists, representatives of the Jewish ethnic minority.

Prince Charles, recalling his school years, complained that his schoolmates severely tormented and tyrannized him. He said that the years spent at school were a living hell for me. He studied at an educational institution intended for children from noble and wealthy families. And the reason for this tyranny was that he was the British crown prince. Representatives of our people love to bend their backs in front of high-ranking officials, to suck up to them. Our people are characterized by servility, while the British are different.

They don't like to kneel, to bow before anyone. That is why, having learned that Prince Charles will study with them, the schoolchildren did not want to see and accept him as someone standing higher than them. They agreed that no one would befriend him and talk to him. This is how it became. This state of affairs continued until he completed his studies at that school. He said, at that time I suffered terribly, was distressed. But the palace was not aware of this.

Only one boy violated this agreement, secretly talked to him in secluded places. Prince Charles has not forgotten the kind attitude of this man, his school friend. So, many years later, he appointed him to the post of Minister of War, even though the man did not know anything about military affairs.

On the news, I often heard about cases where the opponents of the monarchy pelted Prince Charles with eggs. But for these actions, they were not punished in any way. The Englishman is smart, he knows that if he throws a stone at the crowned person, he will be arrested. And for such actions as throwing eggs at the prince, he will not get anything.

The British queen holds horse races annually in the city of Ascot. The upper class gathers there, that is the people of high rank in English society. These people, dressed smartly, come there to watch horse races, place bets and drink champagne.

Once on TV, I saw how these people, men in tailcoats and top hats, women with intricate hats on their heads, went to these races along the road passing through a village. The people of this village, leaving their homes, stood on both sides of this narrow road, path. And these noble people, aristocrats had to pass between these rows of people. As they passed, the village people raged, shouted at them, scolded, and cursed. And those whom they scolded continued to walk. They had

nothing to do but smile in response to all this abuse. These poor people showered them with abuse, took revenge on them, on these people who stood above them, who occupied a higher position in society. But they did not throw stones, did not pounce on them with their fists. They were well aware that in today's England they would not be judged for swearing.

The British love to say that our British society is a class society. They say, unlike other countries, we have the upper class. Before, I had a protest against this statement, because the division of society into classes has always been and will be. In every society, even a communist one, there were social divisions. In the Soviet Union, members of the party's central committee, ministers, and various bosses belonged to the ruling, upper class. In theory, it was said in words that the workers and peasants were the ruling class of the Union. But in reality, this was not at all the case. They occupied the lowest position in society.

But then I realized that the British were right. Indeed England is a class-divided society. After all, the upper class there consists of a monarchical dynasty and aristocrats.

In the United States, the richest people are considered the country's upper class. According to the prevailing opinion there, regardless of their origin, any wealthy American becomes part of high society. But this is not the case in England. Possession of a large fortune cannot provide someone with a guaranteed place in high society. After all, there is a monarchical system. Even if today monarchs are not absolute monarchs, they are still royalty. They have authority in society, their opinions are listened to. Queen Elizabeth is formally considered the head of state. The members of the monarchical dynasty and the aristocrats together represent the upper class of this country. All the citizens of England, whether they like it or not, accept them, see them as their highest ruling class.

But even this must be understood that not all aristocrats are wealthy people. Today, many aristocrats live in poverty. Yet they are still considered to be of the upper class because even the poorest of them can be invited to a reception at the palace.

One funny incident. The press reported that Queen Elizabeth bestowed the title of Lord of England on a person. This was in gratitude for his long and loyal service to Her Majesty the Queen as the manager of the chamber pot, in connection with his retirement.

The Georgians got the news that an offspring of their former kings lives in Spain. Ordinary Georgians were very happy about this and demanded the restoration of monarchical rule in the country. They turned to him and invited him to Georgia. The masses wanted to know if he agrees to sit on the throne of Georgia. They said, if you accept it, then come to Tbilisi. He answered them, I agree to become your king. But I live in Spain as a poor auto mechanic. I can go there if someone pays for my air ticket. But the Georgian authorities did not provide him with a ticket, and he was unable to travel to Tbilisi. I was living in London then. And if I had extra money, then by having bought him an air ticket, I would have sent him to Georgia, so that the monarchical system was restored there.

The British intrigued, schemed for centuries, and destroyed many monarchical states in Europe and Asia, but at the same time retained monarchical rule in their own country, considering the monarchy to be something useful for Britain.

Ordinary Englishmen often mistook me for a representative of the upper class or some kind of rich man. They often shook their fists at me, called me names, and sometimes even threw different things at me. I cannot say with complete certainty what motivated this dislike. It may also be that they mistook me for a Jew. After all, I lived in the Hampstead area, where many rich Jews lived. Or perhaps simply because I did not look like an Englishman, I was a foreigner.

In an English newspaper, I read an article about an English woman who divorced her husband after 15 years of marriage. She, I was madly in love with my husband. But after hearing his telephone conversation with a male, his beloved man, I realized that he was a homosexual, I was shocked, suffered a strong shock. It turns out that my husband for many years of our life together was a hypocrite, created the appearance of his great love for me. Whereas his real love was that man. It was very difficult, but still, I decided to divorce him.

Today, I live with my 9-year-old son and 14-year-old daughter in another house. We live in poverty, so the children condemn me, they say, we can come to terms with the fact that our father is gay, but we do not like the fact that we are now poor. I think this is a funny story. The question is, whom did she love for 15 years, the person whom she now knows, or the other whom she kept in her imagination.

In my opinion, the British can be called the smartest people on earth. For example, most of the sports games were invented by the British, they also came up with their rules of the game. Other similar examples

could be cited. One of the good things about the British is that they respect smart people. There are no barriers for an intelligent person in England. Every intelligent person can take a high position in society. English society will not obstruct him in this, but, on the contrary, will make way for him. Since the British respect the smart, it means that they are smart too.

The British are smart, but at the same time, insane. But their madness may be from a great mind. From the very first days of my stay in England, I felt very uncomfortable, whether it was on the street, on a bus, or in the London tube carriage. I could not understand the reason for this. I even concluded that I was starting to go crazy.

It was only after a long time that I realized that it was not I, but the British who were insane, and I calmed down. I realized that I am a normal person, and these strange people around me are insane. After that, I stopped paying attention to the British, I tried to be myself.

When I look at the French, Spaniards, and Italians, I see that they are people as people. But the same cannot be said for the British. They remind me not of people of flesh and blood, but robots, or aliens from outer space. Perhaps the reason for this is that the British in all circumstances try to hide their feelings. They are acting unnaturally.

For example, an Englishman in the subway sits upright, as if he has swallowed a metallic rod, fully erect, and the smile never leaves his face. That is, the British are constantly clenching their teeth trying to hide their thoughts, emotional worries from the people around them. He kind of wants everyone to think that in his life everything is all right. And when a foreigner like me, without realizing it, tries to behave like the British, it will go against his nature, make him suffer.

Once on the subway, I saw a Frenchman, he was sitting with his head down. Judging by his posture and expression on his face, one could understand that he was in a dejected state of mind. But he did not try to hide his feelings from others. It looked like normal, natural behavior to me. Seeing this Frenchman, I recovered, and calmed down, stopped trying to match the British, follow their example.

If in France or some other country in a meeting of people someone behaves incorrectly, somehow strangely, everyone will be indignant and chase him away. But not in England. There, everyone will be silent and maintain a calm face, as if nothing is happening. Therefore, in such

a situation, the foreigner will feel uncomfortable, as if he was in a hospital for the mentally ill.

Let me give you another example. Seeing an elderly man with a young girl on the street, I could not determine who they were. Father and daughter, husband and wife, prostitute and her client, or prostitute and her pimp? Judging by the behavior and the body language, expression of the faces of the British, this is impossible to understand.

Once, in the London tube carriage, I saw a group of French tourists. From the first glance at them, I understood who they were, although I did not understand their language. I was able to determine that the old man and the old woman are spouses, two children are their grandchildren. And the middle-aged couple were their son and daughter-in-law. If it were an English family, it would be impossible to understand.

There is a French saying, "he looked at me with the look of an Englishman." That is, with an insane expression on his face.

The British do not know how to communicate. The French and Russian, communicating with friends, acquaintances can have long conversations, share their worries and problems. From this, their souls are relieved, they feel better. In England, this behavior is considered unacceptable. There they keep their worries and problems in their breasts, hide them from everyone, do not share them with anyone. And perhaps from this, in the end, they go crazy.

On the streets of London, I often ran into insane people. And the reason for this is that the Minister of Health has instructed psychiatric hospitals to refuse treatment to patients if possible. Therefore, in hospitals, accepting the patient, they soon declare him completely cured and send him home. And the reason for this is the saving of public funds.

Once a sick man came to the doctor and complained that some unknown force urging him to commit murder. He said I was afraid that I would not be able to cope with myself and would commit a crime. After the doctors kept him in the hospital for two weeks, they announced that he was now completely healthy, that he must leave the hospital. Despite his protests, attempts to convince the doctors that he was still sick, no one listened to him. After leaving the hospital, a few days later he kills six people for no reason.

The Minister of Health, for the sake of saving state funds, established new rules according to which everyone in need of some kind

of treatment will have to wait six months. And those patients who need urgent medical care or surgery have to go to the private sector, where services are paid. So thanks to this new rule, the state managed to save a lot of money. England is a capitalist state. For this reason, the government there primarily serves the interests of big business.

Let me give you one example. The British government requires pharmacists to sell medicines to the public at six times their cost. The goal is to allow private firms and drug manufacturers to receive more profits. Pharmacists complain that this law is not beneficial to both us pharmacists and the population. Pensioners come to the pharmacy and, having found out the price of medicines, do not want to buy them. While selling them cheaper would be profitable for both us and the patients.

I saw a documentary about how British government officials conspired with an elderly woman, send her to a pharmacy. There she began to complain that the medicine she needed was very expensive, she could not afford it. The Pakistani pharmacist took pity on her and sold her the medicine for half the price. And this was recorded on a hidden camera. Officials rushed in and closed the pharmacy, took away the pharmacist's license, and imposed a lifelong ban on work in this area.

One English doctor, an ethnic Jew, provided medical services to the elderly. All of his patients whom he treated soon died. And before that, the patients bequeathed to him their houses, their property. The police were suspicious. After investigation, it became clear that this doctor persuaded his patients to write a will and then gave them a fatal injection. The court handed him a harsh sentence for the murder of two hundred elderly people. The investigation had suspicions of his involvement in even more murders, a total of four hundred deaths. But they could not find strong evidence for this.

To avoid condemnation and shame, his wife and daughter sold their house and moved to live in France. They thought that they would not be identified there.

The customs and habits of the English are very strange. For example, they sit at home and drink alcohol. Then they roll empty bottles to the far corner of the room. In any case, ordinary Englishmen do this. An elderly Irishman lived in my hotel. Bored with loneliness, he sometimes came to my room, often holding a bottle of beer or cider in his hand. Each time he emptied the bottle, according to English custom, he

rolled it to the corner of my hotel room. But he did this not to show me his disrespect because he did the same in his room.

A Russian, even the most drunken person, a bum, will not behave like that. He will place the empty bottle neatly on the floor next to him.

The rulers of Britain are afraid of blacks. And the reason for this, I found out after watching a documentary, which narrated a Negro riot that took place in England. About thirty years ago, London policemen killed a black man. Hearing this, Negros from all sides of England gathered in the capital. For three days, this embittered Negro crowd rampaged in the streets of the capital. The Negroes smashed everything and set it on fire. It was impossible to calm this crowd of tens of thousands of black guys. The police were powerless. And the British, white people in fear and horror watched everything that happened on the streets from the windows of houses and buildings. After all these events, the authorities realized that the rage of blacks can be terrible, noted for themselves that these people must be handled very carefully.

The Englishman has talent, the ability to make money out of nothing. He can spend hours rummaging through the garbage, and finding something there he can sell for a fabulous sum of money. And our national, finding the same object, would consider it as something completely useless. He would not understand that it can be sold profitably.

An Englishman found a stuffed toy, a teddy bear, in the trash. I saw a picture of it in the newspaper. Straw was sticking out of the bear's torn belly. The toy was missing an eye. This man managed to sell it to a toy museum for £4,000. It turned out that this toy was made in England a hundred years ago. Today, these bears are produced in different parts of the world. But for the first time, the idea of producing teddy bears came to the mind of an Englishman.

The British know all the secrets of buying and selling houses and real estate. They have this expression "location, location, location." By this, they want to say, "even if you have a hut, it should be in a good area of the city."

The Labor Party has been in opposition for twenty long years. The head of the party, Tony Blair, showing ingenuity went to the elections with the slogan "education, education, education". He led the campaign under this slogan. He also said that there is a big difference between the level of teaching in the British public and state schools. If I come to power, I will

reduce this difference to zero. Then at the end of their studies, children from poor families will have the opportunity to take a high position in society.

Thanks to this slogan, he was successful in the elections. But, in order not to scare away the voters, he kept silent that this was a Communist Leninist slogan. But after becoming the head of state, he sent his children to study not in a state, but a private fee-paying school. Everyone accused him of hypocrisy.

Somehow I was in a hurry somewhere. Approaching the London tube ticket office, I asked the cashier to give me a ticket in some direction. And he said I can't do it. I was surprised and asked why? He, you forgot to say a magic word. Then I realized that he was joking with me. And I said this magic word "please", and he sold me a ticket.

In the summer, English guys can walk along the streets of London in only shorts, even in central ones, regardless of the opinions of others.

Most of the English population, that is, people with low income, have never tasted butter, instead, they eat margarine, because of its cheapness. And if you give them to taste butter, out of habit they will not like it, to them it will seem tasteless. Therefore, in the working-class districts of London, in supermarkets, you will not find it. They mainly sell deep frozen meat.

English cuisine is poor and not varied. Here in Baku, even a dog will not eat what the British eat. The main food of the poor part of the population is a dish that they call "fish and chips". That is frozen fish cutlets and potatoes. They eat it all year round, three times a day. And in their opinion, there is no dish in the world tastier than this. They buy large bags of sliced potatoes and fish cutlets. They store them in the freezer compartment of the refrigerator. When preparing dinner, they put cutlets and potatoes in a frying pan. As they melt, they fry them in vegetable oil. Then they eat it with a great appetite.

The working class does not dine at the table. As they do, all family members, holding their plates in their hands, sit on the couch and eat while watching TV.

The average Englishman will not eat foreign food. Once I offered an Englishwoman to eat our "dolma", a stuffed vine leaves dish, prepared by me. But by looking into the pan, she wrinkled her nose and refused. Said, we English do not eat that.

But all this does not apply to the well-off, wealthy cosmopolitan stratum of society. Since such Englishmen dine at thousands of London restaurants, of French, Italian, Chinese, Indian, and other cuisines.

Supermarkets in London sell fresh young lamb. Meat without bones and fat. It comes from New Zealand. But how they do it, I could not understand. After all, the country is far away, almost at the end of the world. Maybe by plane? Then I saw on TV how the delivery of live cattle to England was going on. On huge ships with many decks. They are similar to shelves with open sides for ventilation.

In supermarkets dedicated to wealthy customers, you can buy pheasant meat. Since this is a hunting game, there are pellets in it. And salmon is considered the best fish food in England.

England is in the first place in the world for the number of car thefts.

Thieves are smart in England. They are not as crazy as in America. Their burglar thieves do not carry weapons with them. They enter houses only if the tenants are absent. The British do not keep large sums of money at home. Therefore, this is petty theft. Such thieves, as a rule, are all drug addicts. They only need money for the next dose. But professional thieves are different. They are not engaged in such petty theft.

Bank robbers there are also unarmed. The thieves there understand that if they are arrested, having taken with a weapon, they can face a long prison term. Therefore, entering a bank, robbers usually keep their hands in their pockets and threaten cashiers, demanding to give them money. They say we have weapons in our pockets. And when detained, arrested, they can say that we had no weapons there.

Once I went to a bank branch next to my hotel. A man, a bank employee, when he saw me, was very frightened and ran away from me, hiding behind a door, and locked it with a key. I had to leave. Then I guessed that my ski hat scared him. Thieves often use them.

Later, I learned from the newspapers that this bank branch was robbed twice in the last month. During that period, one gang robbed 50-60 banks in London for half a year. A gang of four men robbed these banks totaling over a million pounds. In one bank, they were able to get only four thousand pounds. Not satisfied, they told the cashier that this is too small a sum, we will come to rob you again. The bank took it for a joke. But a week later, these gang descended there again, this time they helped

out a little more money. And when they were arrested, no money was found. It turned out that all the gang members were drug addicts. They spent all the money on heroin and cocaine.

In England, the cheapest drug is heroin. As I understand this Afghan heroin is supplied to England by Kurds, members of the Kurdish Workers' Party. One local journalist wrote that heroin traffickers sell heroin even in front of schools to students. And sometimes they give away for free to create addiction. The government is not worried about this. The ruling circles of England are interested to see that the broad masses become drug addicts. The spoiling of the younger generation, drug addiction in its midst does not frighten the capitalists, since there is no threat to them, on the contrary, there is a benefit. After all, the bourgeoisie is afraid of sober, vigilant people who can challenge their power. And drug addicts have one thing on their minds to get a dose, inject themselves and forget.

An Englishwoman kept a German shepherd at home. It bitten her son, a baby. Besides it, the dog made her young daughter an invalid. The police decided to take the shepherd dog to put it to sleep. And the woman protested, defended the dog, saying that the children were to blame, they misbehaved as usual. But the police did not listen to her and took the dog away.

In London, I often saw young English women kissing the muzzle of their dogs. They even let them lick their face. On the street, I once met a girl with a dog. Seeing me, she brought her face to the dog's muzzle, allowing that to lick her face. And then, looking at me with pride, she declared, my dog loves me very much.

One local Indian complained to me that an Englishman loves animals more than people. He said, if you walk on the street with a dog, then he can make a remark, what a beautiful dog you have. And if you are walking with a child, he will never tell you what a beautiful child you have.

The cemetery of London's Highgate area houses the tomb and monument of Karl Marx. London authorities have declared this cemetery as a tourist attraction. Entrance fee, four pounds. Passage inside with a camera, additional charge, two pounds. Or you can check it in the locker, another pound. I complained, I told two old women, everything is very expensive with you. They looked at each other, one told the other that we should call the security. This is a common reaction for the British.

They don't like see someone to violate their conventional manners and rules.

In the foyer of a London religious society, the warn second-hand religious books were on sale. I turned to its employee, said these books here are of useless type. And this guy immediately pressed the alarm button. The guards, a man, and a woman ran down the stairs. Both were dark-skinned. They were Indians. But when they saw me, they immediately turned and left, deciding for themselves that it was a false alarm. As I understand it, the British in situations that are not familiar to them get lost and start to panic.

I kept the bag in the storage room. When I came to collect it, two girls, the workers said that you should come tomorrow, we only work until six. I said it is just five minutes past six. And their reaction to my "please" was to call security. There came a Negro of strong body shape. And he began to push me with his shoulder toward the street door. As I understand it, the British do not like it when someone makes them nervous by his words or actions.

Once I was sitting on the top floor of a double-decker bus, sitting with my head resting on the front seat rail and looking out the window. A young Englishman went up to the floor and began yelling at me demanding that I remove my head from the seat rail, as he wants to sit there. I was surprised because all the other seats on the floor were unoccupied. And he wanted to sit on the seat in front of me. He wanted to say that we British do not sit like that, we sit erect. By this he meant to say, hey you, a foreigner, do not break our established rules, you are not at home here.

On Russian television, presenters often like to refer to England as "Foggy Albion". This is a purely Russian expression, and the British do not know it. This is a kind of poetic image introduced into circulation by some Russian writer or poet. I knew that England was called "Albion" in ancient times. But the fact is that during the six years of my stay in London, I have never seen a fog there.

But recently on the Internet, I saw photographs taken in London a hundred years ago. On them, the streets of the city were shrouded in something resembling a thick fog. The caption on the photographs said it was smoke, not fog. In those days, English houses were heated with coal. Hence this fog-like smoke. The Russian people who visited London at that time took this smoke for fog.

In 1999 I left the coast of England.